

Moments

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Category: Hobbit
Genre: Drama, Romance
Language: English
Characters: OC, Thorin
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-15 22:06:31
Updated: 2016-04-15 22:06:31
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:25:30
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,280
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Sometimes we foolishly waste the smallest moments to our deepest regret

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_Disclaimer: _I don't own anything and am very sorry for my defiling of all characters from Tolkien's and Peter Jackson's respective works

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><p>Sounds drifted around you and you clung on to the noises as they led you back to the world.<p>

"You will not touch her!"

Well, nothing had changed since you passed out, Thorin was still growly.

"Thorin, she can help them. Listen to her."

"An elf? You would trust your brother's life to a deceiving elf?"

"Whether you trust me or not, Your Majesty, I speak the truth."

"Silence!"

"Thorin, stop."

Whatever was happening sounded bad and you wanted to yell at them to all be silent. You thought you shook your head, but you weren't

entirely sure you still had a body or head!

"She moved."

Okay, you had a body and a head and you moved.

Go team you!

"Magic surrounds her."

Really, oh maybe that is elvish magic from that pearly-faced twat of a king.

"There is discord; I can feel it."

"What do you mean?"

A hand smoothed over yours. Strong, calloused fingers rubbed rhythmically over your wrist.

"Spells, two perhaps more have been placed on her, the magic's used are running afoul of her body."

"Gandalf, Thorin! The Wizard placed a spell on her before Mirkwood."

"Well, that is one."

Silence. Those fingers curled around yours, holding your hand tightly.

"Thranduil," was muttered.

A hand, soft, sleek, long-fingered, touched your forehead. "I feel it; it's aâ€" "

"It doesn't matter what it is."

You smiled, well you hoped, at Thorin protecting your honour.

"It's fading, but it has taken a toll on her strength. Perhaps this is why she has not awoken. I can remove the elvish magic; it seems the spell has already fulfilled its purpose. If you wish, of course?"

A long silence, a thumb ran over your knuckles, perhaps seeking comfort you thought.

"Very well."

Oh, that was nice! If tranquillity had a tactile feel, this was it. Soft satin, cotton wool, kitten fur, a velvet comforter. Every kind of softness you could think of wrapped around you. Coolness like fresh mountain spring water, trickling over you.

Your eyes opened, seeing a tall, beautiful redhead elf smiling down at you. She was all serene-like, with that elvish vibe you'd noticed they had.

Moving your gaze, Thorin came into focus on the other side of you.

Frown lines gouged into his forehead. They smoothed away as he looked into your eyes.

"Hi," you greeted in a breathless whisper. Clutching his hand, you squeezed hard. It still felt weak to you.

"You will need time to regain your strength."

Your eyes shot back to the elf.

"The magic's used on you were very potent. They would have caused you great pain. Do you remember anything like that?"

Yep, yep you did. You tossed a look to Thorin. "She was in great pain, earlier."

"I dread to imagine. It must have felt like such torture to you." The redhead brushed a hand over your head, it reminded you of your Mum, when she used to coddle you those few times in your life you'd been sick.

"She was in pain, elf. Any great pain feels like torture." And there was your snappy, growly Thorin. Ah, life is normal again.

"Now," he indicated with angry eyes and a swift wave, "You may take your leave."

"Thorin!" FÃ-li stood sternly at the end of your bed, hands gripping the bedposts tightly his knuckles white, you thought he may be considering wrapping those hands around Thorin's throat.

"Let her help KÃ-li." You stared up at him. You knew it was an ingrained hatred; you knew it went against all his instincts. The slightest nod was your answer.

The elf and the other dwarf seemed to slump, and the redhead quickly started barking orders as she moved towards the door.

Do you have Athelas?"

"Athelas?"

"Yes, you may know it as Kingsfoil."

"But, that's a weedâ€|"

The voices faded away as the door shut. You hadn't taken your eyes off your king. Thinking those words brought a weary smile to your face.

"What are you thinking," he traced a finger over your lips. "Your smile is beautiful."

Heat burst in your cheeks, "It's silly," you'd never felt this bashful before.

He lowered his head, blue orbs, filled with love and comfort meeting yours.

You couldn't resist, "I was thinking how you're my king."

He nodded, a little puzzled.

"My King, Thorin. As in, your mine, you belong to me. Only me."

Awareness sparked in his eyes and his nostrils flared. "Then, this would mean, you are My Queen, you belong only to me."

You nodded. Feeling the love you had for this cantankerous dwarf flood through you.

He bent over you, pressing perhaps the chastest kiss he'd ever given you.

You wanted to move, grab hold of him, take this kiss to a higher level. Your body refused to help. Even your lips were tired.

As he pulled away, you had to fill the silence. "So, Thranduil's magic spell?"

"Aye," Thorin spoke. "It seems Gandalf's magic clashed with it."

"That's why it hurt, the first time?"

He nodded.

"I suppose it's good to know what happened. I really couldn't figure out how that was meant to increase pleasure."

"It amplifies the woman's pleasure, ten-fold they say."

"Well, I guess you know more than me. I mean, wellâ€¦"

You were thinking about his confession. You wondered when he learnt about it. What did he think about it? Considering his hate for elves, did it anger him to know he owed his existence to them? Well, to Thranduil.

"Don't think." He smiled at you, and you were reminded of the last time he said those words. Yes, that time had been marred, but you wouldn't allow that to dominate your memory of physically loving Thorin Oakenshield so completely.

"I love you," You whispered.

He didn't reply, you frowned, watching him shift from one foot to another.

"We leave tomorrow for the mountain."

"That's good." There was something there, something in that statement that left a trail of dread in you.

"It will be a hard journey."

You started shaking your head.

"Don't you dare," your croaky voice was loud in the room.

He was over you then, hands on your face, forehead against yours.

"Do you think I wish to do this?"

"You don't have to do it all."

"I cannot lead you into more danger. You are notâ€"

"You're not leading me. I have a choice."

"Not in this."

"No. Don't do this." You were shaking, desperately trying to push yourself up, your stupid body failing you.

"I know things," You cried out. "I know what will happen, you need me there."

"You can tell me now."

You shook your head as much as you could with it trapped in his hands. Sealing your lips, vowing silently not to say anything, no matter what he tried.

He sighed, closing his eyes. Cut off from that cobalt stare you had to shut yours. Tears leaked out, followed by a sob.

"You're going to fall under the spell of the gold," You whispered, hating yourself for being so weak.

He nodded, his body shuddering at your words.

"And when you break it," you dissolved into sobs, "You're goingâ€|going toâ€|"

You shook your head, unable to continue.

He pulled away, and through blurred eyes you saw him understanding what couldn't be said.

"When?" was all he asked.

"There's going to be a battle. Bolg, son of Azog, will bring armies down on dwarf, men and elves."

He wiped your tears away with his thumb.

"You saw this?"

"I read it."

You sniffed loudly, "Oh my God! Azog is still alive."

"He is."

"I should've paid attention."

He smiled sweetly at you. "I believe you were somewhat distracted

through our quest."

You giggled, "That's your fault."

"It's a blame I accept gladly."

Oh, God, he was such a sweet talker at times.

You stared up at him, solemnly. "Promise me."

He pulled you up, swinging your legs off the bed, so you sat on the side of it. Blankets rumbled around you.

"Promise me," you spoke again rage barely kept in. "You damn well promise me, Thorin Oakenshield, you'll come back to me. No matter what it takes."

He dropped to one knee, head bent, hand over his heart. "I Thorin, son of Thrain, King under the Mountain, do solemnly swear to uphold my oath. I give my word that I shall do all I can to return to you. My word is my bond, My Queen."

You had to say something; he had to know.

"Thorin, Son of Thrain," you bowed your head, placing your hand over your heart, "I plight thee my troth, and forsake all others and cleave only unto thee."

Tilting his head, you explained, "There the only vows I know. They're wedding vows."

He was kissing you, mouths open, tongues melding, he pulled away, "I plight thee my troth," he worshipped your mouth once more, "and forsake all others and cleave only unto thee, My Queen, My Wife."

You thought of all those cheesy romance novels you'd read. When the lovers were to be parted and they made sweet love to each other, keeping the encroaching dawn at bay.

You could've made love to him, the sweetest, most sensuous love. He would have let you. Instead, you wanted him to hold you.

So he did.

Against his chest, above his heart, hearing its strong thump-thump, all night long.

You listened to his breathing.

Watched him sleeping.

The subtle movement's of his eyes beneath closed lids as he dreamed.

You forced yourself to stay awake, but as dawn broke and the first shade of light crept through the high window your eyes flickered closed and you slumbered.

Now, you stood on the dock, tired, not thinking straight. He was in

front of you. Talking. As though it was an average day.

You wouldn't look at him, couldn't. He didn't seem to mind that your eyes were always looking over his shoulder. You had this weird idea that if you didn't look at him, didn't talk to him, then this wasn't real.

He pressed a kiss to your cheek, "I love you," he whispered the words in your ear.

Kǎ-li and Fǎ-li were staying behind. No one knew where Bofur was. You wouldn't be alone in Lake Town, at least. You wondered if Smaug would still attack now that you realised everything wasn't playing out like the book.

He was the on the boat and it began to edge away from the dock.

Panic welled up in you, you stumbled forward with a cry, your eyes meeting his as he stood at the stern of the boat. You cried out to him, sobbing at your childish actions, hating that you wasted such precious moments.

He held his hand up in goodbye and you lurched forward. You saw the fear in him, someone grabbed you before you could tumble into the water. You pushed at them. You wanted to be with him. Even if his life ended, you wanted to be there, right next to him. If the world were to burn, you would burn together.

The mist sweeping in soon took away your view of your lover, your husband.

Arms surrounded you, pulled your face to their chest. Fǎ-li's soft voice crooned to you, his hand stroking over your hair. It didn't soothe you, but it gave you something to focus on. Inside, your heart shattered.

You knew this was the end.

You knew, in your soul, you would never see your husband alive again.

The human brain is a funny old thing, you mused. Running over wooden boardwalks. Herding screaming women and children before you. Stopping only to grab a few deep breaths and get an idea of where you were.

Inside, all you could think about was your grandfather, talking about being bombed every night during the Blitz of World War Two.

You wished he was still alive, because you could now kind of compare notes. You could talk about the differences between doodlebugs with their high pitched noise raining down on London to the strafing run of a mighty dragon longer than a double decker.

Where one was dropped from a great height, landing anywhere, the other had targeting abilities but was consumed with destroying everything. In the few flyovers, Smaug had burned almost half the town, and thick smoke drifted over the other half.

Hot smoke made it feel like your lungs were on fire every time you breathed in. It choked you and it tasted of burnt ash and burnt bodies.

You were a few people behind Kǎ-li and Tauriel. Trying to keep up as they dashed through another lingering black haze.

Shouting for them to wait, please wait, you ran into the sooty smokeâ€|

Sliding across wood, past tall bookshelves, smacking into the metal guard rail with your hip, you stared at the irritated looks and people hushing you.

Mouth dropping open, you turned slowly, staring at the room you were in, well room was the wrong word. You were in a library.

A library you hadn't seen in months, even before your Mum died.

"Oh God," you whispered frantically, staring at the aisle you'd shot out of, you dashed back up it, hoping that this was all a hallucination.

You came out the other side, staring at the wall of glass that looked out across the playing field of the primary school.

This couldn't be, this couldn't happen. Not now. Not right now! Not Ever!

You were home!

End
file.